

UNFAMILIAR FACES

Historical Characters of Whose Looks We Know Nothing.

THEY LEFT NO PORTRAITS.

Many of the Famous Figures and Heroes of Colonial and Revolutionary Times Are as Blanks to Us So Far as Their Personal Appearance Is Concerned.

In the search for a portrait of Thomas Willett, the first mayor of New York, the committee from the City club visited nearly every print dealer in the city in addition to scores of private collectors of Americans. But there was no portrait to be found.

Any one who has ever attempted to make a collection of the pictures of the big men of early New York soon realizes that there are many blanks. For instance, of the four Dutch governors Peter Stuyvesant is the only one of whom we have a correct portrait. Of Peter Minuet, William Kieft and Wouter van Twiller there is absolutely nothing accurate, although various caricatures have appeared from time to time.

The same is true of a still more eminent New Yorker, William Bradford, the first printer, who founded in 1725 the New York Gazette, which was the first newspaper printed in the province. Bradford was so prominent a man and so active for years, both in Philadelphia as well as in New York, that it is rather surprising not to have something worthy of being called a true portrait. If there was, perhaps his features might be on the tablet erected on the site of his printing office, now of the Cotton Exchange, at Hanover square.

The lack of an authentic portrait of Nathan Hale, the martyr spy of the Revolution, is somewhat better known, although the sculptors MacMonnies, Partridge and others have not allowed this to restrain them from depicting the features of the young soldier in stone or bronze. Of Colonel Ethan Allen there is no known portrait, and the same is true of the doughty warrior, General Nicholas Herkimer.

One of the heroes of Bunker hill, Colonel Richard Gridley, has left no portrait. He was the artilleryman and engineer who built the fortifications the night before the battle. Other prominent Revolutionary fighters of whom no pictures exist are Colonel William Ledyard, the defender of New London, who was killed by a British officer when Ledyard surrendered the fort; General Thomas Conway, leader of the notorious cabal to depose Washington from the command of the army in 1777; Colonel Seth Warner, who was prominent in the attacks on Ticonderoga and Crown point and in the battle of Bennington; General Seth Pomeroy of Massachusetts, and General Samuel Holden Parsons, one of the board which tried Major Andre and was appointed by Washington as the first judge of the northwest territory.

No accurate portraits exist of two of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, John Morton of Pennsylvania and John Hart of New Jersey, although a portrait which is said to be that of Hart hangs in Independence hall in Philadelphia and is said to have been painted from a miniature.

There is nothing extant of the father of George Washington, Augustine Washington, nor have any portraits been discovered of Colonel Ball, father of Mary Washington, mother of the general, or of John Dandridge, father of Washington's wife, Martha Washington.

A portrait which a great many collectors of old New York material would give a good deal to obtain is that of Samuel Fraunces, the West Indian tavern keeper, whose best known house was the old Fraunces' tavern, now owned by the Sons of the Revolution, restored since they purchased it a few years ago to its original condition. It is on lower Broad street, on the corner of Pearl street, and the famous long room in which Washington took farewell of his officers has been restored as closely as possible to its original form.

There is no portrait of William Cunningham, the heartless keeper of the provost jail in a corner of City Hall park during the Revolution. Betsy Ross, the celebrated maker of the first stars and stripes, has no portrait. Captain Miles Standish is among those who have left nothing of their personal appearance, nor is anything known of the intrepid French explorer Joliet, who traced the sources of the Mississippi.

Others of more or less note of whom there are no portraits are the old English dramatist, Christopher Marlowe; Richard Savage, another well known English dramatist, who died in 1703; Marquis Duquesne, from whom Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburgh, got its first name from the French; George Clinton, royal governor of New York from 1743 to 1753 and father of the British general in the Revolution, Henry Clinton; Colonel John Henry Cruger, General Oliver de Lancey, Governor William Tryon, General John Forbes, Baron Dieskau, General Robert Howe and Bourrienne, Napoleon's famous secretary, who wrote an excellent life of the great French emperor.—New York Times.

Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it most like it least.—Dr. Johnson.

Superstitions of Miners.
As a man of perilous occupation, the miner has many superstitions. One widespread belief is that to introduce a rabbit into a mine is to court disaster, and many stories are current of catastrophes heralded by the appearance of a white rabbit to the men who were doomed to die. He would be a bold miner, too, who would whistle at work for whistling is a direct invitation to disaster, and though miners are cleanly folk, very few ever wash the small of their back, lest the roof should fall on them.

Learning to Do One's Duty.
Make it a point to do something every day that you don't want to do. This is the golden rule for acquiring the habit of doing your duty without pain.—Mark Twain.

Millennium Not Yet Here.
From the diary of Sackville M. Knutt: "The world may be growing more honest, but I notice that the 'Lost' column in the paper is still considerably longer than the 'Found' column."

ISLE OF PALMS

LEAVE MANNING
SATURDAY 9:00 A. M.
ARRIVE
CHARLESTON
1:45 P. M.

WEEK-END
EXCURSION RATES
\$3.20.
TICKETS GOOD TO
RETURN ON ANY TRAIN
UP TO TUESDAY
AFTERNOON.

Sunday Morning Train
connects with Special
Isle of Palms Train from
Sumter. Round Trip Fare
for Sunday, \$1.30.

BATHING
BOATING

MUSIC, DANCING

Best Resort Hotel South
Sea Foods direct from
water to hotel kitchen

DIXIE ENGRAVING CO., SAVANNAH

THE NEW CHARLESTON HOTEL
THE ISLE OF PALMS HOTEL

Under One Management
W. J. HANLON, Mgr.

A few days rest and recreation at the Isle of Palms with its everlastingly cool ocean breezes is a real tonic and will build you up so as to enable you to finish the hot summer months in the vigorous prosecution of your labors.

A NEW ROUTE

SOLID THROUGH TRAINS
Between Florence, S. C. and Roanoke Va., via the Atlantic Coast Line.

Florence and Wadesboro, Winston Salem Southbound Railway, Wadesboro and Winston-Salem, Norfolk and Western Railway, Winston-Salem and Roanoke.

DAILY SCHEDULES.

NORTH BOUND		SOUTH BOUND	
9:50 A. M.	Lv. Florence, S. C.	Ar. 7:30 P. M.	
10:20 A. M.	Lv. Darlington, S. C.	Ar. 7:01 P. M.	
10:05 A. M.	Lv. Hartsville, S. C.	Ar. 7:15 P. M.	
11:00 A. M.	Lv. Society Hill, S. C.	Ar. 7:15 P. M.	
11:30 A. M.	Lv. Cheraw, S. C.	Ar. 5:53 P. M.	
12:35 P. M.	Ar. Wadesboro, N. C.	Lv. 5:00 P. M.	
4:00 P. M.	Ar. Winston-Salem, N. C.	Lv. 1:25 P. M.	
8:45 P. M.	Ar. Roanoke, Va.	Lv. 9:00 A. M.	

Close connections are made at Florence, in both directions, with trains carrying Pullman Cars to and from the North, South, East and West.

For rates of fare, and detailed schedules to any desired destination by this new and attractive route, apply to
H. D. CLARK,
Ticket Agent of the A. C. L.
The Standard Railroad of the South.

SUCH A SUCCESSFUL SALE!

WHY?

Because such Goods have never been sold in Manning at such extremely low prices! Only a few days left in which to secure some of

Our Grand Bargains!

Our Sale has taken with the public. It is a Sale, not a sham. The greatest bargains for the balance of the time will be in our Grand Dry Goods and Ready-to-wear Garments. Come and see how our prices have been cut.

D. HIRSCHMAN.

All Kinds of Tools



For every purpose and every trade are here in our hardware establishment. We can guarantee the strength and durability of every article as well as its serviceability. All kinds of hardware, garden implements, farm tools, kitchen utensils, etc., at reasonable prices. By dealing here you have the double advantage of

HIGH QUALITY AND LOW PRICES.

PLOWDEN HARDWARE COMP'Y

A SLIDE ON A ROOF

Terrifying Experience on an Ice Coated Mansard.

FIGHTING DEATH IN MIDAIR

Perilous Plight of Two Workers, and an Exhibition of Coolness, Presence of Mind and Heroic Patience—How the Difficult Rescue Was Effected.

During the fall and winter of 1870 A. T. Stewart, who had bought the Grand Union hotel at Saratoga, largely rebuilt that great hostelry of 2,000 rooms. The building has a mansard roof, and at the peak it is ninety-eight feet from the sidewalk.

One cold winter morning, when the work was virtually completed, two men, Harvey, the head roofer, and a helper named Dennison went up on the roof to finish the flashing round the base of the tower. There had been a slight mist that morning, and it had frozen upon the roof, but the two men had on india rubber overshoes to prevent them from slipping on the slates.

Suddenly, however, Harvey's feet began to slip. He went very slowly at first, for the upper roof of a mansard is not steep. He tried to stop himself, but there was nothing to which he could cling. He turned his head in Dennison's direction to see if he could not give some assistance, but Dennison, too, was sliding slowly down the roof.

Harvey's presence of mind did not leave him. "Lie down flat!" he called. So both men carefully laid themselves at full length on the icy roof in order that the increased friction might retard, and perhaps stop, their descent. For an instant it checked the movement. Then the men began again slowly to slip nearer the angle of the roof and the steep pitch below.

It seemed like hours, although it was only a few moments, when Harvey felt his heels catch on a slight projection. A blind gutter had been built into the roof to carry off the large amount of water that would fall upon such an expanse of roof. The upper gutter projected above the slate roof only about half an inch, but it was against this that Harvey's heels had caught.

There he hung on the very brink of the abyss—safe for an instant. He dared not move a muscle, however, or even turn his head to see if Dennison were still on the roof. He did not cry out for help, for he feared that the mere effort of filling his lungs and shouting might dislodge him. No one could see the men on the flat of the roof from the street below. The only hope lay in the carpenters who were at work inside the building. But how should they know what was happening up there on the roof?

Suddenly Harvey heard a voice, low, but distinct, come from the tower above him. "Hold on," it said, "and I'll help you!" Then after a long time Harvey heard the sound of several voices. Whoever had found him had got help.

The first voice spoke again: "Hold on! We will lower this rope to you!" Presently something rubbed on the slate above Harvey's head. It was the rope, which they were slowly working down toward him.

"Can you get hold of it?" asked the voice.

"I don't dare move much," Harvey replied. "Can't you get it down near my hand?"

They had to give it a flip to get it by his shoulder. Then it traversed the length of his arm and finally touched his hand.

Harvey raised his arm very carefully and took hold of the rope. It was an inch cable that had been used in raising the slate from the ground to the roof.

"Can you turn over very carefully and climb up?" asked the voice. Cautiously Harvey worked his hand along on the rope—it was his right hand—until he finally drew it taut. Then he carefully raised his left hand and, reaching across, grasped the rope with that hand too.

Then when the worst of the matter was over, he began to shake like a leaf. He lay there, flat on his back, clinging desperately to the rope and dreading inexpressibly the next step. How was he to turn over on that slippery roof when he needed both hands to cling to the rope?

At last he spoke hoarsely:

"Can you pull me up?"

They consulted together.

"I don't dare to turn over," he added.

There was a sharp tug on the rope. Harvey let them draw his arms up to their extreme length, still afraid to trust his weight to his rescuers. Then he felt his heels lose their grip on the gutter, and he began slowly to move upward.

It was not till he had nearly reached the tower that he dared turn his head in Dennison's direction to see if he were still safe. There he was, spread out on the roof, just as Harvey had been. He did not move a muscle. Patiently, heroically, he waited his turn. Then the men seized Harvey's shoulders and drew him into the tower.

In a few minutes Dennison was also rescued, looking a little blue round the mouth, but unharmed. Neither man suffered any ill effects from his terrible ordeal.—Youth's Companion.

The roads to ruin are always kept in good repair.

Sweet Clover for Linen.
Gather branches of flowering clover and dry them for your linen chest and shelves. Tie them up in bags of cheesecloth and spread them between sheets and table linen and underwear and you will find the linen sweeter and daintier than it is under the influence of lavender.

Might Say Many Men.
"Some men," said Mrs. Pozzozze, "think that because they have one poor little woman bamboozled at home, that they possess great executive ability."

Lacrosse the Red Men's Game.
Lacrosse is the national ball game of Canada. It came from the aboriginal red men, who doubtless played it for many centuries before the discovery of the new world. Different tribes played it in different ways, and it was usually very rough. The name was given to it by the French Canadians, who saw the resemblance between the curved netted stick used in playing it and a bishop's crozier or crosier.